

A Paper of Art and Literature.

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ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time, 1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. **Essays** on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, Instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Theatre, the Academy, the Saloon, the Drawing Room, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers on Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Æsthetic Books, the Drama, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

" JOHN H. MELLOR, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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On the 30th of March, Rossini made his *début* at Vienna, with the opera of *Cenerentola*. *Zelmira* had been promised, but as the former opera had already been adapted to German words, and performed at Vienna under the title of *Die Aschenbrödel*, Rossini wished to pay a compliment to the German taste, and expressed a wish that this opera should take the precedence, and be given by the German company. At the rehearsal, he desired the music to be performed in a quicker time than had usually been done; which, however, did not very well accord with the ponderous nature of the German language.

Rossini was not allowed to remain neutral during this scene. He was assailed by the angry manager; and, to remedy an evil, which it appeared impossible not to impute, in some degree, to him, he proposed the representation of *Mao-metto*, which we have seen condemned at Naples, but whose fame he promised to reestablish by re-

Rossini endeavored to make his peace with the Venetians the following carnival, by calling his talents into action in the opera of *Semiramide*, which was performed at the Theatre Della Fenice, and sung by Madame Colbran Rossini, Rosa Mariani, (a delightful contralto) Sinclair, Galli, and Lucio Mariani. A passage in the overture tended much to conciliate the audience, and obliterate the former unfavorable impression, and this feeling was strengthened by an air of Mariani's, full of beauty and sweetness. The next piece that called forth applause was a duet between this lady and Madame Colbran Rossini; besides which an air of Galli, and a terzetto between him and the two above mentioned ladies, were received with tumultuous applause. Rossini was called for at the end of the second act,

and came forward with a humble obeisance to receive this token of reconciliation.

After having received the homages of the lovers of music in Paris, we find Rossini fulfilling his engagements in London. The following is a chronological list of his works: 1. *Demetrio e Polibio*. This is Rossini's first opera. It is said to have been written in the spring of 1809, though not performed till 1812, at the Theatre Valle in Rome. 2. *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, 1810, *farza*, (by *farza*, is understood an opera in one act) written at Venice, for the Stagione del Autunno. 3. *L'Equivoco Stravagante*, 1811, *autunno*, composed at Bologna, for the Theatre del Corso. 4. *L'Inganno Felice*, 1812, *carnivale*, written for the Theatre San Mosé at Venice. This is the only one of Rossini's early works that has retained its place on the stage. 5. *La Scala di Seta*, *farza*, 1812, *primavera*, performed in the San Mosé at Venice. 6. *La Pietra del Paragone*, 1812, *autunno*, at the Scala in Milan. 7. *L'Occasione fa il Ladro*, *farza*, 1812, *autunno*, in the Theatre San Mosé at Venice. 8. *Il Figlio per Azzardo*, *farza*, 1813, *carnivale*, at the same theatre. 9. *Il Tancredi*, 1813, *carnivale*, at the grand theatre Della Fenice at Venice. 10. *L'Italiana in Algeri*, 1813, *estate*, performed at the Theatre San Benedetto at Venice. 11. *Aureliano in Palmira*, 1814, *carnivale*, sung in the Theatre of La Scala at Milan. 12. *Il Turco in Italia*, 1814, *autunno*, at the Theatre of La Scala at Milan. 13. *Sigismondo*, 1814, in the Theatre Della Fenice at Venice. 14. *Elisabetta*, 1815, *autunno*, Naples, sung at San Carlo. 15. *Torvaldo e Dorlisca*, 1816, *carnivale*, at the Theatre Valle at Rome. 16. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the same season, at the Theatre Argentina in the same city. 17. *La Gazetta*, 1816, *estate*, performed at the Theatre Dei Fiorentini at Naples. 18. *L'Otello*, 1816, *inverno*, sung in the Theatre del Fondo, (a handsome round theatre, which is subsidiary to that of San Carlo.) 19. *La Cenerentola*, 1817, *carnivale*, performed in the Theatre Valle at Rome. 20. *La Gazza Ladra*, 1817, *primavera*, Milan, sung in the Scala. 21. *Armida*, 1817, *autunno*, Naples, sung at the Theatre San Carlo. 22. *Adelaide di Borgogna*, 1818, *carnivale*, Rome, performed in the Theatre Argentina. 23. *Adina, ossia il Califfo di Bagdad*. Rossini composed this piece for the opera at Lisbon, where it was performed in the Theatre San Carlo. 24. *Mosé in Egitto*, 1818, sung, during Lent, in the Theatre San Carlo. 25. *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, 1818, Naples, sung, during the *autunno*, at San Carlo. 26. *Ermione*, 1819, Naples, sung, during the Lent season, at San Carlo. The *libretto* is an imitation of the *Andromaque* of Racine. Rossini aimed at an imitation of the style of Gluck. 27. *Odoardo e Cristina*, 1819, *primavera*, Venice, sung at the Theatre San Benedetto. 28. *La Donna del Lago*, 4th of October, 1819, Naples, sung in the Theatre San Carlo. 29. *Bianca e Faliero*, 1820, *carnivale*, Milan, performed at the Scala. 30. *Maometto Secondo*, 1820, *carnivale*, Naples, at the Theatre San Carlo. 31. *Matilda di Shabran*, 1821, *carnivale*, Rome, at the Theatre d'Apollone. 32. *Zelmira*, 1822, Naples, *inverno*, sung at the Theatre San Carlo. 33. *Semiramide*, 1823, *carnivale*, at the grand Theatre Della Fenice. 34. *Il Viaggio a Rheims*, at the Theatre Italien at Paris, in the summer of 1825. 35. *Le Siege de Corinthe*, at the opera, Paris, October, 1826. 36. *Moise*, at the same theatre in 1827. 37. *Le Comte Ory*, at the same theatre in 1828. 38. *Gillaume Tell*, at the same theatre in 1829.

Rossini has devoted but little attention to sacred composition; we know of no others than the two following: 1. *Ciro in Babilonia*, an oratorio, 1812, composed at Ferrara for the Lent season, and performed at the Teatro Comunale. 2. A Grand Mass, composed in 1819 at Naples. Rossini has composed many cantatas, but we know of no others than the nine following: 1. *Il Pianto d'Armonia*, 1808, performed in the Lyceum of Bologna. This is Rossini's first attempt. The style resembles the weaker parts of *L'Inganno Felice*. 2. *Didone Abbandonata*, 1811. 3. *Eglo e Irene*, 1814. 4. *Teti e Peleo*, 1816, composed for the occasion of the nuptials of her

royal highness the Duchess of Berri, sung at the Theatre Del Fonda at Naples. 5. *A Cantata*, for a single voice, composed in honor of his majesty the King of Naples, 1819. 6. *A Cantata*, performed before his majesty Francis I., Emperor of Austria, the 9th of May, 1819, when this prince appeared for the first time at the Theatre San Carlo. 7. "A Patriotic Hymn," composed at Naples in 1820. Another hymn of the same kind, but of very opposite politics, composed at Bologna in 1815. For the same offence Cimarosa had, a few years before, been thrown into prison. 8. *La Riconoscenza*, a *pastorale*, for four voices, performed at San Carlo, the 27th of December, 1821, for Rossini's benefit. 9. *Il vero Omaggio*, a cantata, executed at Verona, during the congress, in honor of his majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Rossini also composed a Mass, which was performed at a country town near Paris in 1832; and subsequently to this his celebrated *Stabat Mater* in 1838, for grand orchestra and chorus, which is now so well known. Since this he has composed nothing except a hymn to Pio Nino, at the time of the recent Roman political troubles. He is still living (1854) in luxurious retirement, principally at Bologna.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An American Prima Donna.

PARIS, FEB. 1854.

The somewhat indiscriminate manner in which "golden opinions" have been lavished on foreign artists in the United States has exposed Americans to ridicule. But it has also revealed their almost universal susceptibility to the charms of music. It has proved that Yankees have ears for other sounds than the jingling of dollars. Jenny Lind, although the most conspicuous, is by no means a solitary example of the enthusiasm with which musical genius from the old world is welcomed in the new. But few celebrated names are missing on the list of European artists who have sought a California of "rocks" and renown beyond the Atlantic. Those few will not long be absent. Thanks to the progress of musical education, as well as the prodigious development of musical taste, in the United States, a truly great artist may now expect to be appreciated there no less intelligently than heartily. New York is now as decidedly a musical capital as either Paris or London.

Nor has New York been content with offering to foreign artists such hospitality as rarely awaits them in any European city. In its turn it has sent artists to Europe.

I do not refer to the increasing number of young Americans who are availing themselves of the facilities afforded by Italy, Germany and France for the cultivation of musical talent. Nor yet to the Alboni, the Tedesco, the Parodi, whom it has lately sent back to enchant the Parisians with redoubled attractions—for a musical tour in the United States has become an excellent school for the matured talent.

But I shall surprise some of my readers, perhaps, by informing them that the Grand Opera at Paris is indebted to New York for one of the brightest stars in its galaxy of illustrious names. DOLORÈS NAU has shone there—a planet of first magnitude—until her admirers have almost forgotten that she "had her rising" (or, as they say in Alabama, "was raised") elsewhere than at Paris. However, she is a "native American," despite her foreign name. And brilliantly has she repaid the comet-like visits of "larger and lesser lights" to our western skies.

Dolorès Nau was born at New York. In that city, where her parents had found refuge after the slave insurrection at St. Domingo, she passed her childhood and early youth. The fine instinct of her mother first divined her astonishing natural

gift for music. But while her mother herself taught her infant fingers to play on the piano-forte and the harp, she wisely respected that celestial instrument, her voice, and guarded it against the perils of premature exercise. The honor of developing and training this voice of admirable flexibility and power was reserved for the best school in the world, the Conservatoire at Paris. How rapidly the young American profited by the encouragement which her rare aptitude won from teachers like Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, may be judged from the facts that nine months after she entered the Conservatoire, she received the first prize for vocalization, and a year later the first prize for singing. Mme. Damoreau did not cease to bestow on her pet pupil her fostering care, and it was not long before Rossini himself eagerly extended a kind hand to the youthful laureate, shedding the light of his glory on the roses of her crown. Under his direction, Dolorès Nau diligently and thoroughly prepared herself for the Italian stage. And it was at his suggestion that she was induced to accept *en attendant*, an engagement offered to her by the Royal Academy of Music.

She was busily occupied in studying with the excellent Nourrit her three *roles de début*,* when, one evening, at an extraordinary representation of the *Huguenots*, she was unexpectedly called upon to take the part of Urbain, the Page, in place of Mlle. Flecheux, who had suddenly fallen sick. She boldly assumed the part, which is by no means an easy one, and sustained it so admirably as to achieve a success all the more legitimate, that she had had but a few hours of special preparation for it, and that the applause she excited was as spontaneous as it has since been frequent and enduring.

The public of the Opera, which welcomed so warmly her first appearance, has never ceased to manifest its full satisfaction, from her *roles de début* to those of Isabelle in *Robert*, of the Page in *Gustave*, Eudoxie in *La Juive*, Teresina in the *Philire*, Zerlina in *Don Juan*, Ninka in *Dieu et la Bayadere*, Ramira in the *Siege de Corinthe*, in which she has seized with admirable intelligence the diverse shades of character that she has had to represent.

None who have been so fortunate as to have heard her in company with Duprez, can forget how, electrified by the great artist, her black eye flashed, her forehead beamed, and her bosom swelled with emotion. It was at such moments that she was rapturously hailed as beautiful, doubly beautiful, as artist and as woman. Her slender but graceful and commanding form seemed to dilate. Her voice spread its wings above the surging masses of the orchestra, and soared, but without once losing its way, amidst the dizzy and capricious heights of vocalization. Anon it folded its wings gently and subsided into a plaintive and delicious *tremolo*.

A French critic says that one of the "creations" of Dolorès Nau, "her Zeila in the *Lac des Fées*, sufficed to define the nature of her vocal resources—a high soprano, complete, of a severity full of grace, which warbles and lets fall the notes in pearls fine and delicately moulded. Its tone, usually tempered, sometimes piercing, but ever shunning the false *éclat* and the embroideries of the decadence, has a certain sonorous and silvery sound, and, through all its registers, is of incomparable purity and celestial sweetness. Dolorès," he continues, "even when she speaks, has in her inflexions delicious analogies with the voice of Mlle. Mars at eighteen."

English critics have rivalled with their brothers across the channel in eulogizing Mlle. Nau. The *furor* excited by her appearance at the Princess's

* Marguerite in the *Huguenots*, Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* and la Comtesse in the *Comte Ory*.

Theatre, in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and in *La Sirène*, will long be remembered at London. She made her *début* in the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "and never," said the *Sun*, "have we witnessed a more successful *début* than that of Mlle. Nau. Her person is fine and commanding, and features well formed and expressive. Her voice is high soprano, of the Persiani character; it has great power, and is cultivated to the highest pitch of excellence. Her opening cavatina, "*Ancor non giunse*," was a perfect triumph of Art, and at once stamped her as the *prima donna assoluta*. Expression, power of voice, taste, cultivation, musical knowledge, and immense power of execution, all these were exhibited by Mlle. Nau. It was quite equal to Persiani, in her best days. The "*Perche non ho*" was given with sound judgment and taste, and exhibited the same marvellous powers of execution. The audience was in raptures, and the applause was most enthusiastic. . . . The concluding scena was also magnificently given, both as a musical and a histrionic effect; it was of the very highest order. The powers of execution she had exhibited were marvellous. Her *fortitura* was brilliant in the extreme, but introduced with the most exquisite taste." The same journal says of the production of Auber's opera, *La Sirène*, with Mlle. Nau as the Syren, "It cannot be matter of surprise that such a syren should attract crowds, and accordingly the house was crammed to the ceiling long before the commencement of the performance." The singing of Mlle. Nau as the *prima donna* in the second act was beyond all praise—it was a magnificent exhibition of power and science. . . . The audience, by their repeated and enthusiastic plaudits, ratified the decision of the Duke—"Beyond all question she's a *prima donna*." The other London journals were not less enthusiastic in her praise than the *Sun*.

The *Times* said—"In the first act, when the Syren does not appear, but is only heard singing behind the scenes, joining in a concerted piece, the effect of Mlle. Nau's voice was charming. Such was the brilliancy and perspicuity of her upper notes, as they sounded above those of the singers in the front of the stage, that we felt at once that an invisible power was exerting an irresistible influence. . . . In the last song, where the Syren effects the escape of her brother by hiring the guards to listen to her song, Mlle. Nau seemed to revel in the accomplishment of her *roulades*, and nothing could be more perfect than her execution." The *Age* and *Argus* said of Mlle. Nau, "This accomplished vocalist has achieved a great triumph in her Syren—her execution being perfectly astonishing. Her runs and other feats, which have little to do with serious delivery, come admirably into use in this character, and the profusion of effects with which she delighted the house was actually bewildering. The Manager talks of a limit to her engagement; but unless he desires a "Nau row," which will utterly blot out the memory of the celebrated Tamburini demonstration, he will abstain from all such tampering with the affections of the public. Mere eulogiums of the press but echoed the voice of the public. The following couplet, entitled "One Negative equal to an Affirmative," was on everybody's lips:

"If to the Princess it is one's wish to go,
Is there a *prima donna*? Maddox thunders, 'Nau!'"

Even the cautious critic of the *Spectator* caught the prevailing contagion of enthusiasm, and declared that "the Syren was produced in very effective style. The great attraction of the piece," continued the writer, "was unquestionably Mlle. Nau; who came out in far greater force than we had ever before heard her, exhibited the most tasteful vocalization, and many feats of such successful audacity in the bravura as we could scarcely have

believed possible since the days of Malibran. One of these—trenching nearly on the incredible—was a very well made shake on C sharp and D above the staff. She is evidently a singer most arduous in practice: a good method has been given her, and now, under the fostering opinion of an audience whose plaudits are enthusiastically and judiciously bestowed, she is carrying it to perfection, and displaying more than had been anticipated. Her excellence in passages produces a certain smoothness in her intervals, which is nearly allied to expression in performance; and we believe few could hear her execute the pretty romance, 'I will not deem thee faultless,' without perceiving that she combines elegance of style with perfect mechanism and intonation."

Dress—that indispensable accessory of feminine attractions, both on and off the stage—has attained the highest dignity of art at Paris. But the ladies of New York have won the reputation of seizing intuitively and of improving upon the secret of that ineffable charm which the ladies of Paris impart to silks, velvets, laces, and other "dry goods fixings" that mysteriously compose the female wardrobe. The exquisite taste in dress displayed by Mlle. Nau, while attesting her American origin, has contributed not a little to her success as an artist. Nor has her peculiar style of beauty been ineffectual to the same end. Her French adorers have exhausted the complimentary terms of their language in celebrating her raven tresses and the double arch of her Spanish eyebrows. They swear that she must have stepped forth into life from the canvas of Murillo or of Ribeira.

We are glad to learn that before she steps back into any picture-frame of either of these Spanish masters, Dolorés Nau intends to revisit her native shores. In musical circles we have heard regrets expressed that Paris must ere long resign—at least for a season—its adopted favorite to her mother-city, New York. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," saith the proverb. But Americans have never been chary of sympathy even with native talent, when it has been stamped with the seal of transatlantic success. It may be confidently predicted, then, that in September next they will give a generous welcome to Mlle. Nau. The New World must be proud of the cordial recognition of this child of Song in the Old World.

c.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

Reply to Mr. Fry of the Tribune.

NUMBER II.

MY DEAR FRY:—One of the pleasantest things in our musical controversy, to me, is, that, despite our appertaining, both of us, (as I suppose we do) to the artistic race of *irritables*, we maintain our philosophy: in other words—we keep our temper. And over that last dinner we ate together, I silently congratulated myself thereupon.

Let us now return, then, to—our definitions. In my last reply to you, I pronounced *Santa Claus* a fantasia—not a symphony. You rejoin as follows:—

"Fantasia means a piece written at the unchecked will of the composer: *Santa Claus* is written according to a musico-dramatic plan, as to time, places, persons and progress: no other word but symphony will do."

Now, was not *Santa Claus* written at your "unchecked will?" Is not any composition written, if written at all, at a composer's "unchecked will?" If the will be "checked," the composition is, verily, not written—is it?

If you had said unchecked *fancy*, or imagination, I should have understood you. Perhaps you meant this. If so, we agree in our definition.

You take the position, then, that *Santa Claus* being written according to the "checked will" (fancy?) and not the unchecked will of its com-

poser, and having a "musico-dramatic plan," it is therefore, a symphony. But, I say again, a symphony is written according to a definite musical plan—not a definite "musico-dramatic" plan. A "musico-dramatic" plan has very little of a musical plan about it—certainly, if we take *Santa Claus* as an illustration of this definition. For instance, you imagine a Christmas story, which has a plan, and then you prepare a musical composition which has not a plan, and which can have no musical plan, because it runs parallel with the story, which story is progressive, never returning to the same point. This you call a "musico-dramatic" plan. Why not, simply, dramatic plan?—there is nothing "musico" about it.

A person might say, indeed, that his plan, in such music, was to have no plan. If so, I understand him. But, a symphony is not a plan-less composition. It has a very decided and definite musical plan. A plan which entitles it to the name of "symphony;" and which renders it impossible to call *Santa Claus* a symphony—unless you wish one and the same word to signify two very different things.

You close your remarks on the subject of musical "unity" with the words, "I only wish to define what it ought to be." Ah—but this is not what it is—what all the world understand it. Here, again, just as you use the word symphony in an entirely new sense, you use "unity" in an entirely new sense—in an "ought-to-be" sense; but not in a sense that is—or that we know anything about.

With regard to "recurrence of musical idea" in *Santa Claus*, I have not the score to refer to, but of course I entirely believe what you say. The composition you state has six movements. I certainly heard but one, the evening I listened to it. But, perhaps, here again, you interpret the word "movement" in your own way. You mean *cadence*, I dare say. If not, I don't know what you mean. But, every time we come to a full cadence in music, it does not constitute a "movement." If this were the case, every *Allegro*, which embraces in its two distinct divisions two formal cadences, would be understood as comprising two musical movements. In the classic symphony, the entire *allegro* is the first movement. The entire *andante* is the second movement. The entire *scherzo* is the third movement, and the entire *finale* is the fourth. Between each of these movements there is the pause of performance, which isolates and individualizes each movement. I need not tell you all this. Such isolation and individualization does not occur, unless I very much mistake, in *Santa Claus*. The "progressive" subject forbids it—the music cannot well pause. It is, in fact, a one-movement piece—that is, according to the artistic acceptance of the word "movement."

With regard to that long and "inconsequent" period of yours, I did not reprint it for a grammatical or literary purpose. Grammar and literature are not the subjects of our discussion. I cited it for a musical purpose. And it was a curiously apt illustration of what I had to express with regard to your musical style.

You observe, that you intended to say, that "music is the original mode of expressing an original musical idea"—the word musical having been omitted. Now I surely could not be expected to guess at this. But we will take it, then, as it is: "music is the original mode of expressing an original musical idea." And yet you say, "all music is imitative, or it is good for nothing." Now, how in the name of all that is intelligible can you reconcile these two statements. I cannot. I can only return to the remark made in my former article, "If music be imitative, it is certainly not original. If I imitate the bleat of a sheep, that bleat has no originality about it—if it be a good bleat. The more successful I am in the imitation, the less original I am. The more I am a sheep, the less I am a musician."

With considerable emphasis you quote also the following artistic canon of your own, used on a former occasion:—"Now, it is a rule in Art—all Art—that its value and interest depend upon its near, but not precise resemblance to nature." This canon is quite opposed to my belief.

There are arts which are imitative—which copy nature. For instance, when I paint a landscape, I copy nature: when I paint a portrait, I copy nature. Again, when I make a statue, I copy nature: when I produce the Laocoön, I invent, perhaps, the grouping, but I copy nature. Once more, when I build an edifice, I copy nature: for, as an architect, in following any one of the different styles of architecture, I but construct my pillars and my capitals from models, which are doubtless based on the superb forest architecture and ornament of nature. Painting—sculpture—architecture—these are imitative Arts. But what does music imitate? Nothing—unless it *forcibly* be made to imitate natural sounds; thus degrading it from its eminent and commanding position above all the arts, as a *perfectly independent* and self-sustained language—the language of the heart. In expressing emotions, I do not *imitate* emotions. In expressing an idea in poetry, I do not *imitate* an idea: unless, as in that art of poetry sometimes resorted to, I write a line, (if I could) as,

Quadrupedantis putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,
and thus, to the delight of all school-boys, imitate in my metre the gallop of horses.

I have sometimes thought, that music will be our language in that fairer and better world we read of. Music is certainly the only language and the only Art, which we have any revealed testimony we shall take out of the world with us. If our future life be one (to so great an extent) of love, and that emotion be even in this world so beautifully and subtly expressed by music, what may we not hope, at least dream, as to its ultimate perfection in the smiling Hereafter? Why may we not converse in music?—limited as that language now is, in its power of expressing aught terrestrial.

No—of all Arts, painting is perhaps the most imitative: sculpture next to painting (haply on the same level)—architecture, third on the pyramid, and less imitative than either. But music—music floats *above* the pyramid, like a celestial cloud, independent of all sustaining basis, resting upon no earthly foundation. A cloud, I say—for from its bosom there steals a voice, seemingly not of this world—angelic; heavenly; the echo of a distant Heaven.

I am now to speak of a subject which I have been considering much of late. You refer to a certain jury report, which, while we were members of the Musical Jury of the Crystal Palace, was drawn up by yourself at our request. In that report the principle is laid down, that a musical instrument is more perfect, the more it possesses *vocality* of tone: that is, the more closely that tone resemble the human voice. When you first broached this idea (and you did broach it—carrying out your favorite views of *imitation*) at one of our jury gatherings at the Palace, I liked it much. There was something very appealing in it to my nature. It was flattering, I suppose, to my human nature to feel assured, that I, in common with my kind, possessed in myself, the *most perfect musical instrument*. I still believe, that the voice is the most perfect musical instrument. But your application of this fact (in the report) to pianos, &c., I am now very much inclined to consider—a *fallacy*. If the report had been previously submitted to the jury before publication (which, I believe something unavoidable prevented, but which was certainly expected on the part of the jurors) I for one, should have combatted this idea of the desirable *vocality* of instruments—at least I should have wished to discuss it.

Now, if there be anything admirable in this world, it is the infinite and exquisite *variety* in the resources of nature. If there be anything admirable in an orchestra, it is the exquisite *variety* in the tone of the instruments. If all instruments were alike, in quality of tone, where were the charming *piquancy* and richness of the great tone-mass, (as well as the individuality of each instrument) a richness which results alone from the combination of *many* different qualities of tone: just as richness of color is the result of *many* colors combined. Why, let me ask, destroy, or labor to destroy, this variety—this idiosyncrasy of tone, peculiar to each instrument. Why should every instrument be made *vocal*, or, to

resemble the human voice? Better take, I contend, the tone of the instrument *just as we find it*, and improve upon that tone: securing if possible, the *best tone of its kind*: whether it be the violin tone—the violoncello—the hautboy—the clarinet—the horn—the flute, or—the pianoforte.

There are certain *qualities* of tone, which we may certainly always aim at in all cases: like *volume*, *purity*, *roundness*, &c., &c. But, all this does not, and need not imply, *vocality* of tone. Let the voice be the voice—preëminent; commanding; incomparable. Let the violin be the violin—the horn, the horn—the violoncello, the violoncello. As regards the pianoforte, the tone is perhaps more varied than that of any other instrument. Let it be varied. Let manufacturers and artists exhaust their resources upon pianoforte tone. Let it always be *pure* of its kind (not brassy or jingling)—full of its kind—*musical* of its kind. We found Erard's a very beautiful tone: it is. But its *vocality*, or extraordinary resemblance to the human voice, is a point, I think, open for discussion. That which most characterizes the human voice is its exquisite *transition* from tone to tone and its innate passion:—which no instrument of *fixed* tone can imitate. But suppose it does imitate the human voice:—then, the less idiosyncrasy has it—the more is it an *imitative* instrument. In accompanying the voice, certainly, we do not so much wish an instrument that *resembles* the voice, as one that *contrasts* with it.

My dear FRY, to argue for *vocality* of tone in all instruments, or to insist that the tone of every instrument shall be made to resemble the human voice, is like a lover's insisting that all colors in the world, or all combination of colors, should resemble the hue on the cheek of his lady fair,—he can hardly expect it.

As I now view it, then, I do not at all agree with you on the subject of *vocality* of tone in instruments. You say:

"I am surprised that I am attacked as having 'queer ideas about music'; because I consider it chiefly the language of passion and emotion, and endeavor to describe scenes in music so that the hearer may suppose they pass artistically before him."

But "describing scenes in music so that they pass artistically before one," is neither *passional* nor *emotional* music: it is *descriptive* music. The two members of this sentence are irreconcilable again.

Once more you say:

"To your fourth head I repeat, as I said casually before, the piano has not a fixed tone, but is varied from loud to soft by the touch of the player. The organ, however, has a fixed tone,—because only alterable by the mechanical agency of stops."

Now, even admitting your definition of "fixed tone," and considering a "fixed tone" as one which cannot be made *louder* or *softer*, how can an organ be called an instrument of "fixed tone?" You remark, "because only alterable by the mechanism of stops."—But, what do you say, then, to that comprehensive department of the organ called the "swell?" where the force of the tones can be varied at pleasure, *without the slightest reference to the stops*. According to your own definition of "fixed tone," the organ is certainly no illustration of it.

But what is a "fixed tone?" A tone is "fixed" because it has a *fixed position in the scale*—fixed in respect of *pitch*—not of *force*. Interpreting it by the sense of *force*, is one of those "queer ideas about music" which you so resent my having ascribed to you.

At the close of your letter, my dear Fry, you reply to an article which appeared on this controversy in the journal of our accomplished friend Dwight. Dwight is so much better able to speak for himself than I (or anybody else) to speak for him, that I will not attempt to respond at length to that portion of your remarks. He, no doubt, will himself respond, and I shall take the liberty when he does so, to enliven my columns with his reply. But there is one remark you make, which I cannot but briefly refer to.

You have severely alluded, in the course of these and other articles from your pen in the *Tribune*, to the *Philharmonic Society* of this city. I

believe that I once wrote an article with regard to this Society, caused by a similar attack upon it, on your part. I think you are unjust towards this prosperous and talented instrumental corps. For instance, I will quote from your last article:

"Now, Mr. Bristow has been refused a hearing by the Philharmonic Society of this city, some parties turning up their noses at him because he is an American."

Again, in the former article you say:

"The Philharmonic Society of this city, consecrated to Foreign music, is an incubus on Art, never having asked for, or performed an American instrumental composition during the eleven years of its existence: which, too, never would play Mr. Bristow's symphonies, that I caused to be brought for the first time before the public last winter."

Now, in reply, I beg you will read the following communication, which I chance to have received this week:

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES:—DEAR SIR,—It has been stated a number of times of late in your journal and elsewhere, that the Philharmonic Society had never performed any compositions written in this country, or by Americans. In looking over their programmes a few days since, I find that such is not the fact. Mr. George Loder's overture, *Marmion*, has been performed twice, and Mr. G. F. Bristow's Concert Overture, Op. 3, once. On each occasion the composer directed his own piece. In addition, the writer remembers a number of public and private rehearsals which have been devoted wholly or in part to the performance of new and original pieces, and at one of the former, the well known symphony by Mr. G. F. Bristow, was brought out after several rehearsals, all under the direction of Mr. B.

Will you please state the above facts in your next issue, as I see the error again repeated in your paper of last week.

Yours very truly,

A MEMBER OF THE N. Y. P. S.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1854.

The fact is, Fry, I believe in the Philharmonic Society. I have so good an opinion of them as to think, that if any instrumental piece were presented to them, which they thought *worthy of performance*—that is, at all on an equality with that music which their cultivated audience is accustomed, and rightly demand, to hear, they would perform it. I know the officers, and I am sure, that men like Scharfenberg and Timm and Eisfeld, and our Americans, Hill and Ensign and Bristow, are men quite above any narrow prejudices of nation; and if they had such prejudices they would be in favor of their own country, America, if the musical genius of that country produced anything instrumental of decided and unmistakable merit. You must come up to their high standard of Art, if you, or any one else, expect to be heard. The Temple of Art is an universal temple: and that you are an American is no reason that you should have free admission there, and be privileged to come and go as you list. I really think, that, unconsciously to yourself, (for you are, naturally, noble throughout) you are guilty of the very illiberality which you ascribe to others. You insist much more vehemently and exclusively for the performance of *American Art*, than the Philharmonic Society or anybody else can do for German or Italian Art. Nothing surely could be more determined and persevering, than your championship for American Art, and simply, as it strikes me, because it is American Art.

This is a wrong view of Art—decidedly so. It is one-sided and contracted. Let us strive for Art—universal Art. And, for myself, Fry, and as your sincere friend, I wish, with all my heart, that you would retire from the angry arena of antagonism in Art-matters and, in the sequestered seclusion of your own Art-world, calmly and earnestly work—strive—woo the divine Muse herself—do the best by yourself and your musical gifts: and be sure, that what is successfully and well done will find that recognition which you say (and I am most happy to hear you say) has already been the case with your compositions. The great aim of all art is to please, not to instruct. If you please, you will succeed: no matter whether you call your composition a *Symphony*, or a *Fantasia*, or *Santa Claus*, or a *Day in the Country*, or whether I, or any other man, wrangle with you about names and terms, which, after all, are very insignificant things—the great world cares very little about them, and knows less. It is best and most natural, and most healthful, I am

sure, for an artist to overleap all discussions about Art, and, regardless of critics and grumbling editors, to address the universal heart—and see if it will not respond to his touch.

Cordially yours,

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Pronunciation in Singing.

Pure intonation and correct execution are not the only requisites in singing even a simple song or ballad. After these are attained, a faulty pronunciation will much impair, if not entirely destroy the happy effects which they might otherwise produce. The flagrant abuses that prevail in this department, arise, probably, not so much from ignorance, as from thoughtlessness.

We sing with the intention of making music—hence, the words employed must be subservient to the music; that is, no effort at distinct enunciation should interfere with the correct rendering of the notes of the melody as they are written.

Nor on the other hand is there any reason why language should be mutilated, as is too often done, so as to make it so entirely different in singing from what it is in conversation. Words should be pronounced in singing, as in correct and elegant declamation, and unquestionably *can be*, so as not to interfere with any established rule of vocal art, and yet be perfectly intelligible to every listener.

As one example among many of the abuses of language here referred to, may be mentioned the abominable corruption of the word *the*, into *thur* and *thah*. Is not the word analogous in construction as well as pronunciation, to *she*, *me*, *he*, *be*, &c.? And yet who would think of calling either of these *shur* or *shah*, *mur* or *mah*, &c.? I am well aware that some popular psalm-book manufacturers, finding this general abuse of the word *the*, (a relic of old times and fashions) in practice, have, in teaching, sought to make a rule for its justifiable continuance, instead of correcting the error. But the universality of an evil makes it no less an evil, and common sense should be the guide in forming, as well as adopting rules. The difference even in this small item, in choirs that are directed by well-educated and tasteful leaders, is gratefully perceptible; and though it must be acknowledged that such choirs are few and far between, yet one may have occasionally the pleasure of hearing them.

A few additional examples may be mentioned, wherein our already too complicated vowel pronunciation is made odious.

The word *my* is often sung as if written *my-ee*, the tone being mostly given upon the *ee*; it should be sung as if spelt *mah-e*, (the *a* having the broad sound as in *ah*), the tone being prolonged upon the first vowel, and the *e* sounded but slightly at the end; so also with *thy*, so commonly sung *thi-ee*. The words *thou*, *now*, &c., mispronounced in singing *naou*, *thaou*, should be sung as if written *thah-u*, *nah-u*, (*u* as in rule,) making the first vowel the longer as before. Also, *night*, *light* and *smile*, are too often sung as if written *ni-eete*, *li-eete*, *smi-eete*; but should be sung *nah-ete*, *lah-ete*, *smah-ete*, always preserving the broad sound of *a*, and prolonging the tone upon that, touching the *e* but slightly before the last consonant.

Again the carrying forward of the dentals *d*, and *t*, before *y*, converting them into *j*, *dg*, *ch*, &c.; for example the lines:

"Around you fountain's brim—"
"Did you haste to me—"
"Bright youth now faintly sees—"
"Light your dreary path—"

are all sung as if written

Aroun-jon &c.
Bidge-u &c.
Brigh-tehouth &c.
Ligh-tehour &c.

Also the unfortunate *a* and *e*, in the words *distant*, *moment*, *contentment*, &c., are sung as if written,

"When along the distant rays,"
"—how life's moments are fading."

These last two perversions of language are quite as often heard in speaking as in singing.

The above rules are applicable in all cases of words similarly formed, and though many other instances of abuse in singing might be cited, I will present but one more, viz: that of dwelling upon the nasal *ng*, instead of the vowel, in such words as *morning*, *rising*, &c. The correction of these, as well as all the previously mentioned faults in pronunciation, will be greatly assisted by opening the mouth properly, that the voice may have free passage, rather than force its way through the nose or against the teeth.

As remarked at first, these habits probably arise more from thoughtlessness than intention, or ignorance, as there is no reason why language in singing should not be pronounced as properly as in speaking.

An eminent master has remarked that "all that is necessary for the formation of a good pianist, is a good pair of hands and common sense." Would not the sentiment of this apply to singing? viz: that a good voice, of which few are deprived, and common sense, are all that is necessary, with industry and perseverance, to form a good singer.

Therefore, let those who think they have good voices, and are doubtless not mistaken, exercise their common sense; first in procuring a competent person to instruct and direct them, and afterwards in the performance of the duties assigned them, and we shall not only have good singing among us, but good pronunciation in singing.

O*****

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the Eighth of April our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with four more numbers. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

☐ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN NEW YORK. Your attention is particularly requested to the above.

The Fry and Willis Controversy.

We could not resist the fair claim of our readers for the sequel of this racy and good-humored musical discussion. If appetites are sharp for each response in the polemical antiphony, we have done our part in stimulating them by echoing so much of it in these our columns. Many will

be sorry that on Mr. Fry's part it seems to have come to a final cadence, and the themes will not be resumed. The pleasant reply of Mr. Willis, number two, we give to-day.

We know not whether to be most pleased or dismayed by his complimentary anticipation of a reply on our part to so much as concerned us in Mr. Fry's rejoinder, and his avowed intention of "enlivening the columns" of his *Musical World* with said imaginary reply. Had we dreamed of such an honor we might have attempted to make more of a figure; but we are taken by surprise; we did not dress for company, and if it be not too late would fain beg our friend Willis not to expose us farther than we have done ourselves. In truth there were no points for us to reply to, which seemed to call for or to justify any extended discussion. 1. As to whether we had attempted any "witticism" at the expense of Mr. F. and his friends—that was answered in a word. 2. As to whether Mr. Fry's symphonies did or did not establish a rival claim to Boston musical enthusiasm with those of Beethoven:—how could we discuss that? and what could be proved by the decision one way or the other?—3. As to the comparative justice done to rising genius by "the appreciative few" and by "the many":—that presented quite too vague an issue upon which to try conclusions; while the best answer lay in our Diarist's solid facts, which we trust Mr. Willis will copy, if he copies anything. So we said only the little that seemed necessary, and there let the matter rest.

The real, vital Art questions, involved in the controversy, were already and most properly in our friend Willis's own hands, and receiving such able and satisfactory treatment, that it behoved us, as it was indeed entirely preferable and most pleasant to us, simply to look on and enjoy and learn.

One thing we may consider certain, and let all parties derive peace and comfort therefrom: If our friend Fry is inspired with true musical genius, if his symphonies and opera have the real, soul-magnetizing, immortal stuff in them, the world will sooner or later find it out and give due credit. It is only a question of genius on the one hand, and of time upon the other. Beethoven did not have to take up the pen of the journalist and write his symphonies into the world's admiration. Neither did Handel, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, nor anybody else who has ever been the great man of a day or of whole centuries. Surely no one is at fault for not admiring, where he cannot admire; for not kindling, when no spark has chanced to lodge in any combustible region of his nature. One fulfils all righteousness in such a case, if he keeps still and does not over-confidently deny existences of which time and better opportunity may yet give him proof. But a man unkindly places you in a false and awkward position, when he would compel you to argue with him the question of his own genius. One does not care to be so peremptorily summoned before the bar of all the world's opinion, to show cause why he did not wax enthusiastic about a neighbor's symphony, or other work of Art or handicraft. Every earnest person must be mainly anxious that he *do* a good thing, and not that he get credit for it. And if he be truly conscious and persuaded in his own mind that he *has* done a good thing, nay, many and excellent things, and that he has the God-given faculty in

himself so thoroughly at his command, that he can produce these excellent things as often as they are called for, at a day's or four days' warning, as Mr. Fry seems to be,—why, what more could a man ask to make him inwardly the serenest and blissest of mortals? How can the world's opinion, or any outward irrecognition cloud such inward sunshine? Out of the serene rapture of such an undimmed consciousness of power, who could even see a critic, or not find the blackest newspapers printless and blank amid the general transparency? Give us the power of writing a grand symphony in four days, or in four months, and we do not think we shall be long in shaking off the editorial harness!

A New Use for Music.

A correspondent sends us the following programme printed for a recent gathering in one of the interior towns of New Hampshire, thinking that we may like to publish it "as a proof of the large musical culture of the present generation. The proof being in the fact that even an old fashioned 'Donation Party' cannot be given without a triple chorus and a full orchestra." Our friend assures us "that the performances were of a high order, and that the programme was not the ideal of a vivid imagination, but an actual live fact."

Truly music is a very serviceable sort of familiar sprite in these days, and men invoke her charm to help them out in every sort of questionable work at which the better part of us relucts. Thus how could men turn themselves into devils in time of war, if it were not for music, making the bloody charge seem glorious? And here we have it brought into country parishes, to help charm the people into a little formal extra generosity towards their half-paid pastors. Henceforth, we suppose, the village pastor, who would get decently supported in his labors, must organize a good brass band to work upon the tender feelings of his congregation, not in the house of God, but in the town hall. But let the programme speak for itself:

Programme of the Donation Visit, at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, January 31, 1854, for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. —.

1. Voluntary, from the united choirs.
2. Invocation, by Rev. Mr. —.
3. Musical Concert—Vocal and Instrumental. (Violoncello, two flutes and a post horn.)
4. Social Interview.
5. Address on the social benefits of Donation Visits, by Rev. Mr. —.
6. SINGING.
7. Eulogy, on dispensing with table luxuries at Donation Visits,—by Rev. Mr. —.
8. Music.
9. Address of thanks, by Rev. Mr. —.
10. Voluntary from the Choirs.
11. Prayer by Rev. Mr. —.
12. Benediction, by Rev. Mr. —.
13. SINGING.
14. In leaving the House the Assembly will have an opportunity to pass Rev. Mr. — and Lady, to take the usual "good night," and leave with them the "Widow's mite."

By order of the Committee.

—, N. H., Jan. 31, 1854.

Musical Review.

A Practical Text-Book of Music, as connected with the Art of playing the Piano-Forte. By EDWARD B. OLIVER. Boston: O. Ditson.

This is a neat little duodecimo of sixty pages, in which those essentials of a musical knowledge, which every student of the piano or of any instrument must possess as the conditions of intelligent practice, are well thought out, and presented with an admirable

consistency and clearness. Among the multitudes of attempts to state the rudiments of music in a popular form, it is indeed seldom that we find so much real thought and judgment brought to the task. The matter is thoroughly digested and the topics placed in their true relations. The definitions are philosophical, precise and satisfactory. It is not a book of exercises, a "School" or "Method" for the Piano-forte; but it conveys in the form of question and answer, a very convenient and intelligent solution of those theoretic questions which arise to puzzle every young beginner in the practice of the Art. It helps him to understand the materials he is to use. Then the spirit of the book is admirable; it inspires to earnest practice, keeping in sight the higher ends of Music; while at the same time it is practical and cautious about forcing upon the pupil higher things than he is prepared to appreciate.

Six Two-Part Songs, by MENDELSSOHN, arranged for the piano by OTTO DRESEL. (Nathan Richardson; Musical Exchange.)

These beautiful duets, with words, have for several years been cherished in many of our musical homes, as among the choicest gems of parlor music. In this piano-forte arrangement they are scarcely less interesting as songs without words. Mr. Dresel has happily combined every essential feature both of the voice parts and accompaniment into true little poems for the piano. They are of quite moderate difficulty, and will form capital lessons in style and musical expression. Three of the series have appeared: namely, No. 1. "I would that my Love," which our concert-goers have frequently enjoyed also in orchestral arrangements; No. 2. "The Passage Bird's Farewell," and No. 3. "Greeting." The remainder, namely: "Autumn Song," "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and "The Maybells and the Flowers," will soon follow.

DANCE MUSIC. The same publisher also sends us:

1. *Sphären Polka*, by F. MOLLENHAUER, of Julien's orchestra. A polka of the spheres is a fancy that would seem rather to compromise the dignity of those grand bodies in their heavenly orbits. But higher spheres apart, and measured by the commonplace sphere of mortal waltzing and polking, this is a very clever polka, more graceful and ideal than the most of them, and with a gentle dash of sentiment, beginning in the minor mood of G, but ending in the relative major.

2. *Boston Belles: Polka de Salon*. By CARL HAUSE. A more elaborate, bravura sort of polka, that runs into variations and requires a degree of what the French critics happily term *prestidigitation*. Those who possess a modicum of that and who love polkas, will doubtless find it interesting.

3. *Chromatic Gallop*. By ADOLPH KIEBLOCK. Not the fiery thing that Liszt's *Gallop Chromatique* is, but child's play to the difficulties of that. Yet it is worth a turn or two and will start the blood a little.

4. *La Capricieuse; Tarantelle*. Op. 6. By HENRY MASON. This is the whirling tarantella reduced, we should think, to its simplest form. It it cleverly managed, but does not impress us as having much of the caprice of fancy, or of the wild delirium of the dance.

Vocal Duets. With words German and English. Music by F. KUCKEN. (G. P. Reed & Co.)

No. 1. is a graceful and pleasing *Barcarole*. No. 2. "I think of thee" (*Ich denke dein*), is one of the best duets we have seen for some time. It is an Andante in flowing 4-4 measure, each quarter note in the somewhat elaborate and rich accompaniment being divided into triplets, after the type of Beethoven's *Adelaide*.

THE "HALLELUJAH."—MR. LOWELL MASON, the eminent composer of Psalmody, is preparing a new

book of Church Music, to be called *The Hallelujah*. Mr. Mason has not brought out any book (except his *Musical Letters*), of which he was the sole author, since the publication of *Carmina Sacra* in 1841. Over three hundred and fifty thousand copies of *Carmina Sacra* have been sold, and it has been more highly valued and more extensively used than any similar publication. The books which in their day came nearest to a similar popularity were the Handel and Haydn Society's Collection, and the Boston Academy's Collection—both by Mr. Mason. The first legitimate successor of such works must come before the public with peculiar interest; and such is to be the new book now completed by Mr. Mason. He has for several years devoted the most of his time to its preparation, during which he has spent eighteen months in Europe, under auspicious circumstances. It is understood that *The Hallelujah* will not follow in the beaten track of its predecessors, but that it will be new in something more than the name.—*New York Tribune*.

Concerts of the Week.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The twelfth subscription concert, which took place last Saturday evening, was of the light complexion, and a very pleasant entertainment of its kind. It derived new interest from the appearance of Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, whose return to Boston was welcomed with hearty and repeated rounds of applause. She sang in the first part the *Bel raggio*, from "Semiramide," with orchestra. We cannot think it of the kind of music best adapted to her voice and nature; yet it was executed with great ease and fluency, and with good style and expression. Miss Lehmann's singing never can lack fervor, yet we thought she sang with hardly as much animation as we remember in some of her last year's efforts. In finish and delicacy of execution, in the power of sustaining, swelling and diminishing her tones, especially the high tones (which seem to us her most beautiful tones), she has gained not a little since that time.—In the second part, instead of Schubert's *Trockne Blumen*, set down in the programme, she gave us (in consequence, we understand, of late arrival from Philadelphia and hurried preparation) the "Birdling" of Jenny Lind. Again, we must think, an unwise selection. It was sung beautifully, finely; but its brightness dimmed before the mere memory of its prototype. The same thing must be said of her "Comin' thro' the Rye," with which she answered the encore, and in which she followed essentially the Lind version, and with more sympathetically close resemblance than perhaps any other singer could have done it; yet it was flying too near the sun.

Nevertheless it was a great satisfaction to hear this lady again. There has seldom been a singer among us who seemed to possess so much of the true artist spirit,—so much of the religion of her art. And we wish that there were a dozen, instead of three more Germania concerts, to be enriched and enlivened by her voice. Especially would we be glad to hear her in every classical concert that remains to us, from those in Chickering's saloon, to the great oratorios.

The instrumental pieces were apparently well relished by an audience, not filling the Music Hall, but yet very large. The overture to *Die Felsenmühle* commended itself at least by the precision and delicacy with which it was played:—we mean the lighter parts, of course; the *fandara* with which it opens and closes might be played about as well on drums alone as any way. Lanner's waltz, *Soldatentänze*, was very spirited and graceful.

Then came *Bel Raggio*. Then a reminiscence

of the classical;—the serenely deep and beautiful religious Adagio from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise;" and we thought nothing in the whole evening commanded such attention or was followed by such hearty and unanimous applause.

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, the pianist, played Thalberg's *Andante*, which is one of the New School pieces that have character and feeling as well as bravura and brilliancy; and a pretty enough Mazurka of his own. Of the finale to Flotow's *Martha*, which concluded the first part, we can only say that it was worthy of the overture to that same.

Part second opened with Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," and ended with Auber's to *Fra Diavolo*; which require no comment. There was a violin duet, by Kalliwoða, performed by Messrs. SCHULTZE and MEISEL in quite a masterly manner; it had the sweet-flowing, melodious character of Kalliwoða, but was too much lengthened out by such variations as really add nothing. The Potpourri "*Die Traumbilder*," is certainly a feeble affair; and the introduction or rather intrusion of "Old Hundred" on the organ, was more startling than edifying. We are told that in Worcester, where the Germanians "astonished the natives" with these remarkable "dream images," when they came to this passage some native professor of psalmody stood up and called upon the audience to rise and join in singing the old psalm, which was done to the great edification of the Germanians, who certainly left Worcester with one new idea more than they carried there.

At the Rehearsal on Wednesday, the Germanians played the C minor symphony of Beethoven and the overture to *Freyschütz*:—two pieces more associated than any others with the first dawning of a taste for great orchestral music in this community. A plenty of light music followed, and the hall was gaily crowded.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The "Meisonaon," Tuesday night, was absolutely crowded for the eighth and last concert. Never before have we seen so many people at a Chamber Concert; there must have been six hundred at the lowest figure. Do not say that the lovers, at any rate the friends, of classical music are few and far between! The concert passed off in the main quite satisfactorily.

1. Mendelssohn's first Quintet (in A. op. 18), is not so rich or deep as many of his chamber compositions; but it has become well-known to many here, and is an ever welcome favorite, principally on account of the fine play of fairy fantasy that sparkles through it. It presents the Mendelssohnian features in their boyish simplicity and freshness. The quick and delicate *staccato* of the Scherzo was very neatly rendered.

Schubert's song, "Thou art the rest" (*Du bist die Ruh*) was sung in English. This is one of the very purest, loftiest, sweetest, serenest melodies that Schubert has bequeathed to us; it is infinitely removed from all taint of commonplace or sentimentality, full of passion but of high and holy faith; and requires a religious and poetic nature fully to appreciate and render it. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang it chastely, with good taste, and considerable expression. But it suffered in the accompaniment, which was taken now faster and now slower in the interlude passages, as if its very simplicity puzzled the pianist as to its true intention.

3. One of Beethoven's three earliest Trios, and first set of published works, the one in G, was played by CARL HAUSE, pianist, and the brothers FRIES. One might hear much of it without suspecting Beethoven, it is so clear and bright and sunny, and so much in the manner of Haydn, except here and there in passages where the deeper and stronger individuality reveals

itself. It was a fine piece of reading on the part of the pianist and was altogether well performed.

4. The *Andante Cantabile* from the Sixth Quartet of Mozart, was to our feeling the most interesting piece in the concert; it is profoundly beautiful. It was followed by the *Finale Allegro Molto* of the same quartet.

5. Two "Songs without Words," composed and played by Mr. HAUSE. The first, a flowing duet in thirds and sixths, in a rather Italian *cantabile* style; the other sparkling and rapid, reminding one a little of Kücken's "She is mine;"—both quite clever.

6. "The Fisher's Canzonette," composed by Mr. RYAN, and sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, with clarinet *obbligato*, and quartet accompaniment. A pretty thing, but hardly of pretension enough for such a concert.

7. The first movement (a very long, very varied, and very difficult one, and extremely interesting withal) of Chopin's Concerto in E minor, was played with astonishing power of bravura execution by Mr. HAUSE. Almost incredible feats of digital dexterity and force were achieved with masterly ease and certainty. A mere quintet accompaniment was not very efficient in this case.

The Club had every reason to feel cheered and flattered by the audience of that night, and the announcement that the Messrs. CHICKERING had kindly offered their beautiful saloon for an extra concert on Tuesday, the 14th, was received with general satisfaction.

ROXBURY BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION.—The Second Concert was attended by a large audience. The choruses were well given, though not so successfully, as at the first concert; and the solos by Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss BROWN, Mrs. EMMONS and Mrs. LITTLE were remarkably well done. We have spoken formerly of the chorus glee, "When thou, Oh Stone," by Mr. SOUTHARD, (the Conductor), as a composition of remarkable excellence, and were glad to hear it again. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB took part in the concert, giving some of their light music. There is the material in every town in New England for such concerts. We have the voices; a competent conductor and careful practice will do the rest.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

PUBLIC REHEARSAL THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON, MARCH 4.

MISS LEHMANN

Will rehearse for the EVENING CONCERT.

The usual Rehearsal Tickets will be admitted.
To commence at 3 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEM

Thirteenth Grand Subscription Concert

On Saturday Evening, March 4th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,

AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to "Magic Flute,".....Mozart.
2. Concerto No. 5, in E flat major, op. 73, with orchestral accompaniment,.....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Rondo, Allegro.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.

3. Scherzo,.....Schumann.
4. Aria from Der Freischütz, "Wie nahe mir der Schlämer,".....Weber.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.

PART II.

5. Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56,.....Mendelssohn.
1. Introduction and Allegro agitato.
2. Scherzo assai vivace.
3. Adagio cantabile.
4. Allegro guerriero e Finale maestoso.

Doors open at 8½. Concert to commence at 7¼.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts.
Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

WILL BE PRESENTED

On Sunday Evening, March 4, 1854,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

With the vocal assistance of Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Miss S. E. Brown, Messrs. Arthurson, Thos. Ball, H. M. Aiken, and B. Wheat, with Orchestral Accompaniment by the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

The storm of last Sunday made it expedient to postpone the performance. Tickets taken for that occasion will be received.

Trains are expected from Brookline and Newton.

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, at the doors on the evening of performance, and of

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY,
No. 138 Washington St.

Mlle. Gabrielle De la Motte

WILL GIVE HER

THIRD MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

AT THE SALOON OF THE MESSRS. CHICKERING,
MASONIC TEMPLE,

On Monday Evening, March 6th,

Assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

A Selection of Haydn, Reber, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, &c. will be played. For full particulars, see the programme.

To commence at 8 o'clock.—Tickets, One Dollar, to be had at the door on the evening of the Concert.

GREAT BOOK IN PRESS.

MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC:

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With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

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from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,

a description of all known MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be...\$3 50.

The price, bound in half calf, will be...4 00.

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Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country.

2m Feb. 11.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of conducting the Piano-Forte Business, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

Dec. 24.

THOS. F. CHICKERING,
CHA'S F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

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THE subscribers are sole agents for this city, for the sale of those justly celebrated Guitars. Prices from \$30 to \$60. Every instrument is warranted to stand this climate.

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Nov. 12.

tf

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

GIVES

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,

AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT

Feb. 4 3m

56 SUMMER STREET.

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's, or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)

Mr. F. is permitted to name the following references:
Judge Geo. TYLER BIGLOW, 126 Tremont St.
Mrs. SMITH, 46 Mt. Vernon St.
Mr. NATHAN APPLETON, Winter St.
Dr. WINBLOW LEWIS, Boylston St.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter, at the residence of the scholar.
Feb. 18.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

Teacher of Music,

DESIRES to receive a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING. Terms, \$24 per quarter of 24 lessons.

Mr. K. will be found at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, from 10 to 11 A. M. and from 2 to 3 P. M.; also at Mr. Ditson's music store, 115 Washington St. at 5 o'clock, P. M.

MANUEL PENOLLOSA,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PRADOT, B. H. ELLIS, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.
Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents.
Oct. 29

CARL HAUSE,

PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. P. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place.
Feb. 18.

LESSONS IN SINGING.**FREDERIC RUDOLPH**

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention to remain in Boston and give instructions in the art of Singing.

Orders may be addressed to him at his residence (United States Hotel), or at the music store of Mr. Wade or Mr. Richardson.
3m Feb. 11.

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CHORUS PARTS to Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH.
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PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.

George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
13 Tremont Street.
Nov 5

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.

Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLITT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON.
Oct. 8.

D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,

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PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.
Apr. 10. tf

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—Edward I. Balch,

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265 Washington Street, Boston. 3m
Oct. 16.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.

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Apr. 10.

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Nov. 12.

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